Euen in these honest meane habiliments:
Our purses shall be proud, our garments poore:
For 'tis the minde that makes the bodie rich.
And as the Sunne breakes through the darkest clouds,
So honor peereth in the meanest habit.
What is the Iay more precious then the Larke?
Because his feathers are more beautifull:
Or is the Adder better then the Eele,
Because his painted Skin contents the eye.
Oh no *Kate*: neither art thou the worse
For this poore furniture, and meane array.
If thou accountedst it shame, lay it on me,
And therefore frolike, we will hence forthwith,
To feast and sport vs at thy fathers house,
Go call my men, and let vs straight to him,
And bring our horses vnto Long-lane end,
There will we mount, and thither walke on foote,
Let's see, I thinke 'tis now some seuen a clocke,
And well we may come there by dinner time.
Kate. I dare assure you sir, 'tis almost two,
And 'twill be supper time ere you come there.
Pet. It shall be seuen ere I go to horse:
Looke what I speake, or do, or thinke to doe,
You are still crossing it, sirs let 't alone,
I will not goe to day, and ere I doe,
It shall be what a clock I say it is.
Hor. Why so this Gallant will command the sunne:

Enter Tranio, and the Pedant drest like Vincentio.

Tra. Sirs, this is the house, please it you that I call.
Ped. I what else, and but I be deceiued,
Signior *Baptista* may remember me
Neere twenti: yeares a goe in *Genoa*.
Tra. Where wee were Lodgers, at the *Pegasus*,
'Tis well, and hold your owne in any case
With such austeritie as longeth to a father.

Enter Biondello.

Ped. I warrant you: but sir here comes your boy.

'Twere

'Twere good he weere school'
Tra. Feare you not him: sir
Now doe your dutie throughli
Imagine 'twere the righ *Vincen*
Bion. Tut, feare not me.
Tra. But hast thou done th
Bion. I told him that your
And that you look't for him th
Tra. Th'art a tall fellow, h
Heere comes *Baptista*: set yo

Enter Baptista and L
and bare

Tra. Signior *Baptista* you
Sir, this is the Gentleman I to
I pray you stand good father to
Giue me *Bianca* for my Patrin
Ped. Soft son: sir by your
To gather in some debts, my
Made me acquainted with a w
Of loue betweene your daugh
And for the good report I hea
And for the loue he beareth to
And shee to him: to stay him
I am content in a good father
To haue him matcht, and if y
No worse then I vpon some a
Me shall you finde readie and
With one consent to haue her
For curious I cannot be with y
Signior *Baptista*, of whom I h
Bap. Sir, pardon me in wh
Your plainnesse and your short
Right true it is your son *Lucen*
Doth loue my daughter, and
Or both dissemble deepely the
And therefore if you say no mo
That like a father you will deal
And passe my daughter a suffic